Hothouse

[Part One]

NEWSREADER: No end to the drought that has been affecting Britain for the last twenty weeks. (incoherent chanters) The Home Secretary announced today that following a number of public order disturbances, the Government have declared a national State of Emergency, with anyone found exceeding standpipe rations to face prosecution. A mass demonstration is taking place in central London this afternoon, with an estimated one hundred thousand protesters calling for increased efforts to combat global warming. The event has been organised by the pressure group, The League of Nature.
REPORTER: The demonstration has been largely goodnatured, it has to be said. So far there have been only isolated outbreaks of violence, but, following the riots in Paris and Madrid, the authorities are leaving nothing to chance. Leading the march is rock star turned environmental activist Alex Marlowe, who I spoke to earlier today.
(Less background noise.)
REPORTER: Alex Marlowe, you're probably best known for your work campaigning to save endangered animals, yet recently you seem to have adopted a more militant stance.
MARLOWE: I wouldn't say we're militant. We're not the ones in the riot gear. No, I think it's more a case that the global situation has become more desperate, you know, and so our response, our level of response to the situation has to recognise that.
REPORTER: But your policies have become more extreme.
MARLOWE: Depends what you call extreme. I'd say the fact that half the Amazon rain forest is a dust bowl was pretty extreme. Or the fact that we're in the middle of a refugee crisis unprecedented in human history, that's extreme. Or that the last five years have seen the extinction in the wild of the cheetah, the white rhino
REPORTER: But nevertheless, the policies you advocate amount to, well, it is hard not to use the word fascism. Compulsory population reduction, the abolition of private capital
MARLOWE: Let me put it like this. You vote for a politician, of whatever creed, and you know they'll just play politics while the world burns. And what I'm saying, what the LoN are saying, is that enough is enough. You know, we have to, we have to do what has to be done.
REPORTER: Which is?
MARLOWE: We have to save the planet before it's too late, by any means necessary.
REPORTER: You almost make it sound like a threat.
MARLOWE: Listen, mate, the threat is if we don't act soon, the greater the consequences will be, for our children, for our children's children, and for all life on Earth.
REPORTER: And finally, I have to ask, you're also of course world famous as the ex-lead singer of the Experts, and
MARLOWE: No, we're not getting back together. I gave all that stuff up a long time ago. Now I've got more important things to do.
(Back at the demonstration.)
REPORTER: Alex Marlowe, earlier today. I'm joined now by another member of the LoN
LUCIE: Lucie Miller.
REPORTER: Miss Miller, your organisation has been criticised for its hard line stance.
LUCIE: Yeah, or waking up to reality, as it's also known.
REPORTER: So what is your response to the reports that your group is prepared to resort to intimidation, violence, even death threats in the name of
LUCIE: The thing is, there are ten billion people in the world, so what does one person's life matter? What matters is saving this planet for the future, and that's something I'm prepared to die for. No, more than that, it's something I'm prepared to kill for!

NEWSREADER: Twenty two weeks without rain. With reservoir levels below five percent, the Home Secretary announced that water supplies are to be restricted to hospital
(Broadcast turned off. Faint background of road noise.)
DOCTOR: Tell me about the Hothouse.
HAZEL: Some sort of research facility. Everything's locked down, total security black-out. Whatever they're doing there is top secret.
DOCTOR: Good. I like finding out other people's secrets.
HAZEL: We have aerial photos here. A fenced-off compound, heavily guarded, about ten square kilometres, containing five biodome greenhouses, all state of the art steel and glass.

DOCTOR: Looks like someone's building their own private Eden Project.
HAZEL: Alex Marlowe. The pop star? You've heard of him?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I'm a bit out of touch.
HAZEL: Former lead singer with the Experts. They were biggest thing in the world about ten years back. Made a name for himself organising charity concerts to save endangered species. Now he's retired from music and moved into politics, fronting the League of Nature. Claims he wants to save the planet.
DOCTOR: It's about time somebody did. The human race does seem to have the most extraordinary capacity for denial. You're also small minded and complacent, never taking responsibility for your actions, never thinking beyond the moment and your own petty concerns. Makes me wonder sometimes what I ever saw in you.
HAZEL: Anyway, since the tragedy in Dhaka, the LoN's profile has increased dramatically. Over eighty million paid up members and, as far as we can gather, their subs have been pumped into this place, the Hothouse.
DOCTOR: So what do you think he's using it for?
HAZEL: Some Great White Hope's our best guess. We've got a copy of his personnel register. All scientists associated with GM tech research. All above board but
DOCTOR: Enough to make you think he's not simply growing petunias. Looks like we've arrived. One last question. Why did you send for me? I mean, you must have gone to a great deal of trouble to persuade UNIT to put out a call on the space-time telegraph.
HAZEL: You come highly recommended. Sir Colin Thackeray?
DOCTOR: Sir Colin? Now there's a blast from the past. I'm surprised he's still around.
HAZEL: He's not. We were quite surprised to find that you were.
(Car window wound down, footsteps approaching on gravel.)
MAN: Sir?
DOCTOR: Hello, I'm Doctor John Smith. This is Miss Hazel Bright. We're from the World Ecology Bureau.
(Follow that link for the first appearance of the WEB....)

CHRISTINA: (Polish) The WEB. To what do we owe this pleasure?
HAZEL: It's a purely routine random inspection. Our documentation?
CHRISTINA: Routine?
HAZEL: I needn't remind you that under the Saint Petersburg Bioprotection Treaty, we have the right to inspect any facilities used for agricultural research.
DOCTOR: Not going to be a problem, is it, Miss?
CHRISTINA: Christina Ondrak, head of administration. And no, it will not be a problem, Doctor er Smit. If you'll follow me, I'll arrange a brief tour.
HAZEL: I'm sure we can find our own way.
CHRISTINA: Visitors must be escorted at all times, I'm afraid. For their own safety.
DOCTOR: Safety?
CHRISTINA: Some areas of the compound are still undergoing construction. We wouldn't want you to get injured. If you'll excuse me while I arrange your passes, I'll leave you in the capable hands of my assistant. Doctor Smit, Miss Bright, meet Lucie Miller.
HAZEL: Thank you, Miss Ondrak.
DOCTOR: Delighted to meet you, Miss Miller, was it? Haven't I seen you somewhere before?
LUCIE: I think that's unlikely, Doctor Smith.
DOCTOR: Wait. A news report? The demonstration in London, the League of Nature.
LUCIE: You have a good memory for faces.
DOCTOR: Well, you made quite an impression. So how does an environmental protester end up working in a place like this?
LUCIE: Is there anything I can get you? We have iced tea, water.
DOCTOR: Iced tea would be fine. And a lemon, if you have lemons. Lemons are good.
LUCIE: Miss Bright?
HAZEL: Just water.
(Liquid poured.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Can I ask, what's the reason for all the guards and security cameras? Are you trying to keep something in or keep something out?
LUCIE [OC]: The research being conducted here is at quite a delicate stage, I'm told.
DOCTOR [OC]: I see. And what research would that be?

LUCIE [OC]: If you have any questions about our work, you should address them to Miss Ondrak. I don't really have the authority.

DOCTOR: Of course, I wouldn't want to get you into trouble. Oh, whoops. Call me butterfingers. I've spilt iced tea all over your skirt.
LUCIE: That's quite all right. Just give me a moment.
DOCTOR: And you've dropped your security pass. Here, let me get it.
LUCIE: Thank you, Doctor. Doctor Smith.
DOCTOR: Wouldn't want you to lose that, now would we? You'd never get anywhere in this place without it. Ah, here's Miss Ondrak.

CHRISTINA [OC]: Doctor Smit, Miss Bright, If you'll come with me?
DOCTOR [OC]: Excellent. Apologies again for being so clumsy, Miss Miller. I do hope it won't stain.
MARLOWE: So you're the famous Doctor I've heard so much about.

(Keypad entry.)
CHRISTINA: Welcome to Biodome One.
HAZEL: Oh, my God.
CHRISTINA: If you could move out of the airlock to maintain the atmospheric integrity?
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. So that's what you're doing here, growing your own indoor jungle.
CHRISTINA: Our work is largely concerned with conservation and biodiversity. Many of the plant species you see here no longer exist anywhere else in the world.
DOCTOR: I'm impressed.
HAZEL: It's beautiful. It really is.
DOCTOR: You said largely concerned.
CHRISTINA: Our work also includes research. Some of these plants may have therapeutic uses or could be cultivated as a source of nutrition. But our main hope is that one day the plants here could be used to seed new rain forests across the globe.
DOCTOR: A noble aim. Just a pity you didn't have the foresight not to chop them down in the first place. Ah, the scent of ozone. It's almost like the real thing.
CHRISTINA: We maintain the environment precisely. Pressurised steam to maintain humidity and temperature, and water sprinklers and wide spectrum lights to encourage growth.
HAZEL: And in the other biodomes? More rain forests?
CHRISTINA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Can we have a look? Oh, go on, please.
CHRISTINA: I'm afraid access to the other biodomes is restricted. Some of the species are in a very vulnerable condition. We can't afford to take any risks. Now, if you've seen enough, it's almost six o'clock. I'll show you back to reception.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. We've a long journey ahead of us. But before we go, one last question. The person who owns all this, your boss Alex Marlowe, could we meet him? I promise I'm not an autograph hunter.
CHRISTINA: I'm afraid Mister Marlowe is a very busy man, and detained with other business. If you wish to have an interview, I can arrange an appointment.
DOCTOR: Yes, we should do that. Thank you, Miss Ondrak. You've been most helpful.

(Car doors close.)
HAZEL: We saw nothing!
DOCTOR: No, we saw just enough to make us go away and stop asking difficult questions.
HAZEL: So what do you think they're up to? This research at a critical stage?
DOCTOR: I don't know. What we need is someone on the inside.

LUCIE: You all done with your visitors, then?
CHRISTINA: They've just left. I need to lock up. Will you be long?
LUCIE: Just got a few emails to answer. They really need to be today. You couldn't give me another five minutes, could you?
CHRISTINA: All right, but don't stay here too long. We don't pay overtime. Goodnight, Miss Miller.
LUCIE: Yep. See you tomorrow.

(Door closes.)
LUCIE: Miserable old trout. Now for the real work. Pass card, pass card. Here we are. One access all areas pass card. Thank you very much, Doctor. And switching on hidden microphone now. Can you hear me? Roger Wilco Over.

DOCTOR: I can hear you, Lucie.
LUCIE [OC]: Thanks, by the way, for ruining my best suit. You have no respect for fashion. Over.
DOCTOR: Yes. Might I suggest we maintain radio silence until you've something useful to report?
LUCIE [OC]: Ooo, sorry I spoke. Roger Wilco and out.
HAZEL: You trust this girl?
DOCTOR: I did, yes.
HAZEL: Sorry?
DOCTOR: I remember trusting her quite a lot.
HAZEL: You remember?
DOCTOR: Besides, she volunteered for this little assignment. Seemed keen to prove herself.

HAZEL [OC]: But do you trust her?
DOCTOR [OC]: I hope so.
LUCIE: Hey, Doctor. Can still hear you, you know. And ta for the vote of confidence.
DOCTOR [OC]: Never mind that. Where are you now?
LUCIE: Airlock to Biodome Four. The one they've been most desperate to keep hush-hush. Only people with the highest level security clearance can get in. (beep) Which now includes me. Open sesame seed bun. (shouts) Excuse me, I'm looking for Dave. Hello? (normal) Okay, there's no one here.
DOCTOR [OC]: What can you see?
(Squelching footsteps.)
LUCIE: Give us a chance. It's not like the rain forest biodome. It's more like a laboratory, as far as I can see, which isn't very far. Oh, it's well spooky, actually. Oh, there's these sort of lamps, like the ones you use for growing plants in your attic. Oh, what are they called? Hydro

DOCTOR: That's not important. Tell us what they're growing before you get caught.
HAZEL: This is ridiculous.

LUCIE: Oi, I heard that, Miss Frostyknickers. Anyway, don't interrupt. Super spy at work. As I was saying, they've got these things in, they're like fish tanks. Hang on, I'll have a shuftie. Mmm, they're sort of green, about the size of coconuts. Urgh, covered in veins.
DOCTOR [OC]: Lucie, get out.
LUCIE: It's all right. Don't get yourself agitated. They've got lids on.
DOCTOR [OC]: Lucie, Lucie, you're out of your depth. Get out before you get yourself killed.
LUCIE: Oh, for flip's sake. Show a little faith. I
MARLOWE: I'm afraid your friend was right, Lucie. You are out of your depth.

MARLOWE [OC]: You know, it truly shakes my faith in human nature, you betraying me like this. You were always so enthusiastic, so committed to the cause. Have to admit it, love, you had me completely fooled.
LUCIE [OC]: No. No, no, you've got it all wrong. I was just er looking for Dave, and got lost in the dark.
MARLOWE [OC]: Such a shame. I really thought you were a believer, Lucie. I really thought you cared about our children's future.
LUCIE [OC]: Eh? Wha? No, I'm with you. Save the planet, and all that.
MARLOWE [OC]: Is that microphone still on? Hello to your friends from the World Ecology Bureau. Sorry to miss you, Miss Bright. And you too, Doctor Smith.
DOCTOR: Lucie, run.
MARLOWE [OC]: Ah, now what Lucie's neglected to tell you is that I'm pointing a semi-automatic pistol at her head, and unfortunately the problem for me is she's seen too much.
LUCIE [OC]: No, I haven't. I'm dead forgetful, me. Couple of shandies, won't remember a thing.
MARLOWE [OC]: You know, I've always sought to preserve natural beauty, but I'm afraid in

your case it will have to be sacrificed for a higher purpose. Goodbye. Nice chatting to you.
LUCIE [OC]: Doctor? (Lucie screams. Communications cut.)
DOCTOR: Stupid, stupid, stupid!
HAZEL: She should never have got herself caught.
DOCTOR: Not her, me. I knew this would happen. I should never have relied on her, and now.
HAZEL: Now?
DOCTOR: Now I have to rescue her, as usual. Driver, about turn.
(Squeal of tyres.)
HAZEL: Are you sure this is such a good idea?
DOCTOR: You heard what the man said. Sacrificed for a higher purpose. And besides, we now know the nature of his research.
HAZEL: We do?
DOCTOR: Krynoids. What Lucie described were Krynoid pods.
HAZEL: Krynoids!
DOCTOR: You've heard of them.
HAZEL: As I mentioned, I read your file, but
DOCTOR: Then you will know that if one of those things germinates, every human being, every animal on this planet will be dead within a matter of hours. On worlds where the Krynoid takes root, the vegetation fights back. The question is, how has Marlowe got hold of the pods? I thought they were all wiped out, unless more fell to Earth.
HAZEL: I. The fact is, after the Chase incident, Sir Colin ordered cuttings to be taken from Krynoid remains.
DOCTOR: He did what?
HAZEL: I'm sorry, but
DOCTOR: Arrogant, idiotic human.
HAZEL: Doctor, I believe the idea was to find out new ways to kill them, but then (sighs) I think it was about five years ago. Yes, it was just after I'd been transferred.
DOCTOR: Never mind your career, what happened five years ago?
HAZEL: There was a break-in. The cuttings were removed from the WEB's seed vault.
DOCTOR: And somehow ended up in Alex Marlowe's great glass potting shed. Marvellous. Has your species got a death wish or something? Right, that settles it. I've got to get in there. That eco-maniac doesn't realise what he's dealing with.
HAZEL: We can't just go in guns blazing through the front entrance.
DOCTOR: True. Pull over. Here, here!
(Car stops. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Thanks. Hang on. We? You're coming with me?
HAZEL: Of course.
DOCTOR: Breaking and entering private property is not exactly WEB policy.
HAZEL: If this is our mess, I have a duty to tidy it up.
(Doors close.)
DOCTOR: Well, in that case, Miss Bright, may I suggest a quick stroll to the perimeter fence?
HAZEL: And then what?

DOCTOR: Here we are. What do you think, about twelve feet high?
HAZEL: So we cut our way in?
DOCTOR: No, no. No cutting equipment, unfortunately, My sonic screwdriver's not up to the task. I really should do something about that, actually. And even if we could get through the fence, there's the small problem of the fellow with the gun.
HAZEL: What fellow with the (gasp)
DOCTOR: Get down.
HAZEL: (sotto) So what do you suggest?
(A truck sounds its airhorn.)
DOCTOR: Shh. Do you hear that?
HAZEL: (sotto) Hear? Oh, a road. there's another way into the compound.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Yes. This way. Container trucks. They're bringing in supplies.
HAZEL: Yes, so? Wait. Why at night?
DOCTOR: Presumably to avoid spectators. It's stopped at the gatehouse. Right, now's our chance. Come on.
HAZEL: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Come on!

HAZEL: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Come on.
HAZEL: Did you not see the guards?
DOCTOR: Yes, but if we're inside a lorry they won't see us.
(Driver's voice. Something about the ring road.)
DOCTOR: Padlock. Easy.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
HAZEL: Doctor, hurry.
DOCTOR: There. Inside, up you go.
HAZEL: It's moving. Doctor!
DOCTOR: Hand. Hand! Hand.
(Back of lorry closed. Hazel lets her breath go.)
DOCTOR: That was close.
HAZEL: Doctor?
DOCTOR: What?
HAZEL: We're not the only ones in here.

MARLOWE: Would you credit it? Our by the book environmental inspectors smuggling themselves in like common criminals.
LUCIE: What? The Doctor!
MARLOWE: You know, it's kind of touching. He thinks he's coming to rescue you.

HAZEL: Hello. Look, we don't mean you any harm.
DOCTOR: Never mind them, Hazel. We're inside the compound. Time we were gone.
HAZEL: Doctor, they're half-starved, frightened to death.
DOCTOR: They are here for a reason, and we won't find out what that reason is if we're being held captive too. Now, we're going to have to jump for it. The secret is, bend ze knees.
HAZEL: You've got to be joking.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. Hold my hand. Thank you.
HAZEL: Oh!
DOCTOR: You all right?
HAZEL: I think so.
DOCTOR: Then let's get under cover. Over there, those storage tanks.

HAZEL: (breathless) Okay, so we're inside. What now?
DOCTOR: We watch and we learn. Look.
(Truck engines. Christina is in the distance, shouting in Polish.)
HAZEL: They're unloading. Oh, there must be getting on for a hundred people, brought in containers like
DOCTOR: Like cattle to the slaughter?
HAZEL: I was going to say illegal immigrants. From the way they're dressed, they must have been smuggled into the country from the eastern Eurozone.
DOCTOR: The Eurozone?
HAZEL: Last year, when the refugee crisis first hit, the decision was made to shut down the Eurozone borders. With millions trying to get out of North Africa and the Black Sea states, they had no choice.
DOCTOR: No choice?
HAZEL: It was either that or be overwhelmed.
DOCTOR: Hazel, there are always choices to be made. I'd almost forgot how adept you humans are at making the wrong ones. It's almost as if you have no capacity to learn from your past mistakes. Look, they're taking them inside. I'll queue to follow. Keep your head down.
HAZEL: Er, haven't we seen enough?
DOCTOR: Oh no, not nearly enough. Come on.

MARLOWE: That's it, Doctor Smith. Run. Pretend we can't see you. Up the stairs, through the door that's oh so conveniently been left unlocked, and into the access tunnel.
LUCIE: Why aren't you getting your hired thugs to stop him?
MARLOWE: Oh, Lucie, Lucie. Where would be the fun in that? So much more entertaining to have our heroes sneak in while our backs are turned. Though I'm surprised they haven't noticed how easy it's been for them to remain undetected by my security cameras.

LUCIE: The Doctor isn't stupid, you know.
MARLOWE: No, no, I'm sure he's not. Where's he going now? Biodome Four. Right. Time we made a move.

(Beep. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Marlowe's laboratory.
(Door closes.)
HAZEL: And those are Krynoid pods?
DOCTOR: Yes, maintained in hydroponic incubators. No. No, that's odd.
HAZEL: Odd?
DOCTOR: They look different. The texture, the shape. They're not how I remember.
HAZEL: Fine. Now, can we get out of here before one of those guards comes back?
DOCTOR: Yes, well, in a moment. This way.
(Faint voice pleading.)
HAZEL: Did you hear that?
DOCTOR: Down here, in the next section. Oh, no. So *that's* what they're growing in this greenhouse.
HAZEL: What? Oh my God, what are those things in cages?
DOCTOR: They're people. Or at least, they used to be. Very soon they'll be Krynoids.
HAZEL: But there's what, forty, fifty of them?
DOCTOR: More, I should imagine. This must be what happens to the people they bring here.
HAZEL: It smells like an abattoir. Oh, I think I'm going to be sick.
DOCTOR: Breathe slowly. Are you all right?
HAZEL: As I'll ever be. I've never seen anything like this. Oh!
DOCTOR: Careful. They bite.
HAZEL: That explains the cages and the chains. Oh! Oh, it's so. These are full-grown Krynoids?
DOCTOR: No. No, they're a half-way house, an intermediate state. The animal is stung by the Krynoid seedling, the infection spreads, triggering the production of schizophytes, resulting in the metamorphosis you see here, from flesh to vegetable matter, from fauna to flora.
HAZEL: It's horrible. I never knew. Believe me, Doctor, I never knew about any of this. What's left of them, their human part, do they know what's happening to them?
DOCTOR: Why not try asking one.
STEFAN: Help. Help me. Pomoc. Help.
DOCTOR: We are here to help.
STEFAN: You, you are not scientist?
DOCTOR: No, no. We are not scientist. Stay calm, stay calm. Talk to me. Your name. Who are you?
STEFAN: I. My name is Stefan Radek. I am school teacher. I live in Elblaq.
HAZEL: Poland? You've come a long way.
STEFAN: They say we get work. In Elblaq, no work, no water, no petrol. So we come here.
DOCTOR: Just you? No family, friends.
STEFAN: I leave behind wife, Agnieska. We have two children. Two beautiful girls. I, I, I try think of them but can't.
HAZEL: What do you mean, you can't?
STEFAN: I can't. I am forgetting. I, I am forgetting my home, my wife, my children. I am forgetting I am Stefan. I am (sobs)
DOCTOR: They brought you here in the containers and then what happened?
STEFAN: Water. Water.
DOCTOR: Of course.
(Pours a cup of water.)
DOCTOR: Here.
STEFAN: Ah. The scientist take us in here. We afraid they kill us, they kill all the men and women. Then I do not know word. Zastrzyki. They zastrzyki.
HAZEL: Zastryzki? What does he mean?
DOCTOR: Injections. They gave them injections.
HAZEL: This is Marlowe's research. He's turning people in to Krynoids.
DOCTOR: No, no, there's something else going on here. Something more.
HAZEL: Something more?
DOCTOR: These people, this isn't how it happened before, not quite. The rate of infection, the skin mottling, the progression of the pylotaxis, it's different this time.

HAZEL: But you can cure it though.
DOCTOR: Cure it? No, I can't cure it. No, there's no way back for these people.
STEFAN: What? Then you kill me.
HAZEL: No!
STEFAN: Kill me! I see what happens. I see monsters we become. I'm hurting so much. I am hurting. Kill me! Kill me!
HAZEL: Doctor, do something!
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do for you now.
STEFAN: Kill me! (transforms) Or I kill you! Kill you!
HAZEL: This is wrong. What Marlowe's doing is
(Gunshot.)
MARLOWE: A necessary evil.
DOCTOR: Alex Marlowe, at last. How good to meet you. And Miss Ondrak.
CHRISTINA: Step away from the cage, both of you.
MARLOWE: As for this failed experiment, I think an act of kindness is called for.
DOCTOR: No, wait.
(Two gunshots.)
MARLOWE: You see, I am nothing if not humane. Miss Ondrak?
CHRISTINA: Sir?
MARLOWE: It's time the guards brought in Doctor Smith's associate. Ha, here she is. Such a pretty little thing. And so resourceful. I can see why you like to have her around.
DOCTOR: Lucie, you're all right?
LUCIE: Doctor, I'm sorry I let you down.
DOCTOR: No, you didn't. I let *you* down. I just didn't realise what was at the heart of this. It's all right now, I'm here
MARLOWE: To rescue you. (laughs) Oh, I don't think so. You see, Doctor, if I might dispense with the pseudonym, your arrival was not what you might call an entirely unexpected event.
DOCTOR: That explains the warm welcome.
MARLOWE: You see, I always knew that the lovely Lucie was an undercover agent. A bit too eager to please, a bit too full on. But she's proved herself useful. After all, every trap needs its bait.
DOCTOR: You wanted me to come here?
MARLOWE: Oh, I did. The thing is, Doctor. I've been studying these Krynoids, and, well, a little bird told me that you're the world expert. Your file at the WEB makes fascinating reading.
DOCTOR: A little bird?
HAZEL: Yes, Doctor. Me. I'm a member of the League of Nature. I work for Alex Marlowe.
MARLOWE: And I'm very grateful to Miss Bright for bringing you here, just as we planned.
DOCTOR: What do you want?
MARLOWE: I want you to help me, that's all. Nothing unreasonable, nothing difficult. I want you, Doctor, to put your knowledge of the Krynoid species at my disposal.
DOCTOR: And if I refuse?
MARLOWE: Oh, Doctor, it pains me to say this, but you really have no choice in the matter. Nobody knows you're here. You have no friends you can call upon. But just to make sure. Miss Ondrak?
CHRISTINA: Sir?
MARLOWE: Could you pop into the lab for me and fetch seedpod number er, now let's see, cultivar fourteen looked promising.
CHRISTINA: Sir.
MARLOWE: And guards? Remove the terminated Krynoid hybrid. Take it for dissection and recycling.
GUARD: Sir.
MARLOWE: We have a new subject for experimentation. Place the Doctor's associate in the cage.
LUCIE: What? No, don't you bleedin' dare! Get your hairy paws off me. No!
MARLOWE: I don't think the chains will be required. Not yet.
(Cage door closed.)
LUCIE: Let me out, you mentalist! You enviro mentalist.
MARLOWE: Miss Ondrak, is the seedpod ready to germinate?
CHRISTINA: It is.
DOCTOR: Marlowe, stop this.

MARLOWE: But Doctor, I have to ensure I have your complete cooperation. Infect the girl.
DOCTOR: No!
LUCIE: Get that thing away from me!
DOCTOR: I said, stop this.
MARLOWE: It's too late, Doctor. Time for your companion to go green.
LUCIE: No. No! No! (screams)

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: All right, I'll help you. Whatever you want, I'll do it.
MARLOWE: Very sensible. Miss Ondrak? I think we can spare Miss Miller for the moment.
CHRISTINA: Sir.
LUCIE: Oh, thank God.
MARLOWE: But we still require a guinea pig. Somebody surplus to requirements. A redundant member of the human race. Anyone come to mind, Miss Bright?
HAZEL: No!
CHRISTINA: I wouldn't bother to struggle.
DOCTOR: Let her go.
HAZEL: Alex, please! You need me!
MARLOWE: You're right. I do still need you. But not in your present form.
CHRISTINA: Sir, the pod is open.
DOCTOR: Marlowe!
MARLOWE: Closer. Closer, so the tendril touches her skin.
HAZEL: No, please. Ah!
CHRISTINA: And there we are. It may sting for a while, but soon that'll be the least of your worries.
HAZEL: You are (thud)
MARLOWE: Guards, take her to the observation room. Miss Miller too. She can keep her company while she changes.
LUCIE: What?
MARLOWE: An insurance policy to guarantee the Doctor's cooperation.
DOCTOR: You want to shut her in a cell with a woman who's about to turn into a monster?
MARLOWE: I said take her away!
LUCIE: Doctor, tell him! Tell him he can't do this (muffled)
MARLOWE: Now, Doctor. If you'd be so kind as to come with me, we have work to do.

MARLOWE: Please, take a seat. What I want, Doctor, is your assistance with a little, er, problem.
DOCTOR: I won't do anything until I know Lucie is safe.
MARLOWE: There. As you can see, Miss Miller has not been harmed. Yet. Now, let me tell you about my problem, Doctor. As you may have gathered, I've been researching these Krynoids. A fascinating form of life. A parasitical infection that possesses the host's mind before developing in to a creature capable of communing with other plants. And not only that, it can influence vegetation to make it physically active. Make it kill.
DOCTOR: Which is why you have to stop. If one of your experiments escapes or reaches its final form, it will be the end of all animal life on this planet. Not just humankind, every mammal, every fish, every bird.
MARLOWE: I'm well aware of the dangers, Doctor. That's why I need your help.
DOCTOR: My help?
MARLOWE: I'm not a lunatic. I don't want to destroy the world. I intend to save it.
DOCTOR: Using the Krynoids?
MARLOWE: Using the Krynoids. Imagine, if we could find a way of harnessing their power, directing *them*, we could give nature the ability to defend itself. The rain forests are under threat. Wouldn't it be really something if they could fight back?
DOCTOR: Jungle warfare, quite literally.
MARLOWE: Currently the Krynoid instinct always becomes dominant, which is no good to me because as you said, the Krynoid instinct is to consume all creatures, great and small. No, I want to find a way for them to remain under human mental control.
DOCTOR: So you get all the advantages with none of the disadvantages.
MARLOWE: Nature's very own army. I've been working on it for a while now, sadly without

much success. I was hoping to create a genetically engineered variety, one that would modify the chemico-cellular physiology but leave the brain centres intact.
DOCTOR: And that's why you've been kidnapping, torturing, murdering innocent people?
MARLOWE: You have to take the rough with the smooth with these things. It isn't what you might call savoury, but when the alternative's the inevitable destruction of the Earth, what can I say? I sleep easy in my bed because I know that one day people will look back and say, you know, he did the right thing.
DOCTOR: The right thing.
MARLOWE: Somebody has to be prepared to make the difficult decisions. You're not an idiot, Doctor. You know as well as I do the current world population isn't viable. Do I really want to continue on our current course, with children being born into a future where they'll die of thirst, with no hope, no future? Humanity needs to be pruned back to a sustainable level.
DOCTOR: You make genocide sound like horticulture.
MARLOWE: The principle's the same. Let's say a hundred million individuals
DOCTOR: Right thinking, of course.
MARLOWE: Oh, of course. Don't want any riff-raff in our Garden of Eden, do we? No, I was thinking more of a programme of mass sterilisation with a view to maintaining ethnic biodiversity, naturally. So, so what'd you say, Doctor? Will you help me? Help me to save the human race from itself?
DOCTOR: Alex, I've been away a very long time. I keep wondering if everything's changed or whether it's just me, that I'm the one who's changed. Because when I look at the human race now, all I see is a species hell-bent on its own extinction. A species that doesn't realise how lucky it is. A species that doesn't deserve to survive.
MARLOWE: That's what I see, Doctor. That's it exactly. That's why we have to do something.
DOCTOR: No, that's why I am not going to help you.

(Banging on door.)
LUCIE: Oi! Let us out! Hello? Oh, flippin' hell.
HAZEL: (weak) What, what happened?
LUCIE: Your friend, Alex Marlowe, that's what happened.
HAZEL: My arms have pins and needles. My God, my skin!
LUCIE: You've been infected by the Krynoid. I'm sorry.
HAZEL: My fingers. Ah! What is this stuff? Some sort of congeal sap? Ow!
LUCIE: Yeah, I'd leave it alone, if I were you. Would some water help?
HAZEL: Yes. I feel like, I don't know, so thirsty. And hungry.
(Pours water.)
HAZEL: Oh God, I could murder a steak.
LUCIE: Here.
HAZEL: (drinks) Weird thing is, I'm a vegetarian. That's what's going to happen to me, isn't it. Those creatures in the cages. That poor man.
LUCIE: The Doctor will do something.
HAZEL: You stupid idiot, there's nothing he can do! He (sighs) he said there was no way back. I'm sorry, it's not your fault.
LUCIE: Just try to stay calm.
HAZEL: Calm! Oh why did I get involved? If I'd known what he was doing (cries)
LUCIE: You didn't know?
HAZEL: Of course I didn't know. What sort of person do you think I am? I thought we were trying to stop the destruction of this planet. That's why I joined the League of Nature. I was in Dhaka during the flood. When you've seen ten thousand bodies floating down the Ganges, families, children. I wanted to do something. I wanted to save the world. Stupid, huh?
LUCIE: No, not stupid at all.
HAZEL: Ah! It feels like I can feel it spreading. It's like cramps. My heart feels like someone's banging a nail into a door.
LUCIE: It's okay.
HAZEL: I wouldn't get too close.
LUCIE: What? Why?
HAZEL: My thoughts. It's strange. I can sense something. It's like I can hear the thoughts of the rain forest. Oh! I can feel it breathe, growing, stretching up towards the light. It's inside my head, reaching out for me, shooting up creepers to entangle
LUCIE: Oh, my God. Your face.

HAZEL: And you, Lucie (voice deepens). You're not like me. You're fleshkind. The flesh that crawls upon the ground. Delicious animal flesh to be consumed.

LUCIE [OC]: This isn't you, Hazel. This isn't who you are!
DOCTOR: You've got to let Lucie out of there. That thing will kill her!
(Click of switch.)
MARLOWE: No. Not until you agree to help me.
(Rustling sound.)
DOCTOR: Listen. Do you hear that? Hazel's beginning to influence the plants in this place.
MARLOWE: I shouldn't worry. I don't think a few potted aspidistras can do us much harm.
DOCTOR: It's too quick. It shouldn't have reached that stage yet. Not for hours. Something's different.
MARLOWE: The transformation's progressing a little faster than usual, I'll admit. It must be a side effect of this particular strain. We haven't tested this cultivar before.
DOCTOR: A little faster? You have no idea what you've done. Thanks to your genetic tampering, the process has been massively accelerated. If it continues to develop at its current rate, the Krynoid will achieve its final form in little over one hour.

HAZEL: Hungry. So hungry. Keep back, Lucie. Stay away from me.
LUCIE: Try to fight it. Don't let it, you know, control you.
HAZEL: I can reach out with my mind to every plant in this building, hear what they hear. Ah!
DOCTOR [OC]: It can't be done, Marlowe. Even if I did want to help you, it would take hours, days, months to find a solution, not minutes.
MARLOWE [OC]: Oh, come on, Doctor, don't mess me about. All you have to do is find a way of preserving a vestigial human consciousness. That's why I brought you here. With a human mind inside its plant form there's nothing my Krynoids couldn't achieve.
DOCTOR [OC]: But the Krynoid consciousness will always win over in the end. The human mind just isn't strong enough, so all your research has been for nothing, do you hear? Nothing!

MARLOWE: I'd expected more from you, Doctor, given your reputation.
DOCTOR: End the experiment. Get my friend out of there. Now!
(Beep.)
MARLOWE: What is it, Miss Ondrak?
CHRISTINA [OC]: Sir, the Krynoids in Biodome Four. Something has got into them. I've never seen them like this before. They've gone berserk!

(Crashing sounds.)
MARLOWE [OC]: Specify berserk.
CHRISTINA: They're smashing themselves against their cages. Not sure how long they'll hold. The metal's buckling. They're twisting the bars. Oh, my God! They're getting out!
MARLOWE [OC]: That's impossible. Those cages are built to withstand the impact pressure of a bull elephant.
CHRISTINA: Guards! Shoot to kill!
(Automatic gunfire.)

CHRISTINA [OC]: It's no good. They're getting up. They're still heading our way.
DOCTOR: Are you surprised? You can't kill a living jungle with bullets.
CHRISTINA [OC]: Then what would you suggest, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Get your men out of there, now!
CHRISTINA [OC]: It's no good. We argh!
MARLOWE: Ondrak? Ondrak? Answer me!
DOCTOR: You've lost, Marlowe. You haven't saved the world, you've betrayed it. Release Lucie and I will
MARLOWE: Ah, you know, Doctor, I think the point has become academic. The Krynoids, they're heading for the observation room. There must be dozens of them. Your friend's dead.

HAZEL: That's it, my brothers. Come to me. Set me free! (normal) I can't resist it for much longer, Lucie.
LUCIE: Just try holding onto something. A memory, someone you love.

HAZEL: What? I can't. The Doctor said the Krynoids always win in the end.
LUCIE: Your boss, Alex Marlowe. Think about him.
HAZEL: (Krynoid) Marlowe.
LUCIE: He did this to you. Think about how much you hate him. You want revenge, don't you? Hold on to that emotion, that human emotion.
HAZEL: (normal) I can't. It's too (Krynoid) Come to me, my brothers.
LUCIE: Oh, my God. They're outside. They're pushing against the glass!
HAZEL: Release me!
LUCIE: Oh, fight it. For God's sake, fight it! Hazel Bright, you're a human being, remember?
HAZEL: The human being Hazel Bright no longer exists.
(Glass breaks.)
LUCIE: Oh, no. No, please!
(High pitched alarms. Human Hazel gasps.)
HAZEL: (normal) Lucie! Lucie!
LUCIE: Hazel, you're still there!
HAZEL: I can control the Krynoids, hold them back, but not for long. Run!
LUCIE: What about you?
HAZEL: Never mind me. Just go, Lucie, go!

MARLOWE: They're letting her get away. They're just standing there.
DOCTOR: Hazel must be exerting some sort of influence over them.
MARLOWE: The Krynoid who used to be Hazel.
DOCTOR: No, no. I don't know how, but she's still in there somewhere.
MARLOWE: You mean the human part of her is remaining dominant just as I wanted. Yes! Ha!
CHRISTINA: Marlowe.
MARLOWE: Ondrak? I thought you were dead.
CHRISTINA: Those Krynoid things are everywhere. I barely escaped with my life.
MARLOWE: What about the guards?
CHRISTINA: They're either in hiding or dead.
KRYNOID [OC]: Marlowe.
MARLOWE: The Krynoid. It can talk.
KRYNOID [OC]: I want you, Marlowe.
MARLOWE: Switch this thing off. I can't hear myself think.
(Click.)
CHRISTINA: Maybe we should give it what it wants.
(Click of gun safety catch.)
MARLOWE: Have you lost your mind, Ondrak? Put down that gun now.
DOCTOR: Miss Ondrak, you can't bargain with the Krynoid. As far as it's concerned, we are just watery bags of mineral nutrients.
CHRISTINA: What else can we do? We've no chance out there, not with those things about.
MARLOWE: A better chance that waiting here.
(Door opens.)
CHRISTINA: Come back!
(Gunshots. Door closes.)
CHRISTINA: Traitor!
DOCTOR: Marlowe!
CHRISTINA: Oh, he's deadlocked the door. We're trapped!
DOCTOR: Marlowe, you can't run away from this.
CHRISTINA: Doctor, what about us? That door may be strong enough to keep us in
DOCTOR: But it won't be enough to keep the Krynoids out. I know.
CHRISTINA: So what do you suggest we do? You said bullets couldn't stop them.
DOCTOR: Because they're plants, Miss Ondrak. But anything that can kill plants will have an effect on them.
CHRISTINA: The equipment store.
DOCTOR: The equipment store?
CHRISTINA: We keep a supply of herbicides. Atrazine, glyphosate.
DOCTOR: Excellent. But first we have to find a way out.
(Banging on door.)
CHRISTINA: What the?
DOCTOR: Look at the monitors. The corridor outside.

CHRISTINA: The Krynoids, they know we're in here. And we're stuck with no hope of rescue!
DOCTOR: Yes. No! No! (uses microphone) Lucie. Lucie, can you hear me?
LUCIE [OC]: Doctor! Hey, my hidden microphone jobbie's still working. How cool is that?
DOCTOR: Where are you?
LUCIE [OC]: Up on the roof of one of the greenhouses. Seemed the safest place. Where are you?
DOCTOR: Marlowe's office. I wonder, would you mind saving me from certain death?

MARLOWE: I don't care. Just get a car here now. No, not outside the compound.
KRYNOID: Marlowe.
MARLOWE: I'll call you back. Hazel? Hazel, is that you?
KRYNOID: The human being Hazel Bright no longer exists.
MARLOWE: No, you're just all Krynoid. Well, look, in that case, I can help you.
KRYNOID: Help me?
MARLOWE: We're on the same side, you know, you and me. Both very pro-nature. Both green, though you've taken that rather more literally, of course. I can feed you. How'd you like that, eh? I've developed a super enriched biofeed, and in Biodome One, there are, there are wide spectrum lights. You need light to grow, don't you. Well? Well, what'd you say?

CHRISTINA: They're almost through. Doctor!
DOCTOR: I know.
(Door breaks down.)
CHRISTINA: No, keep back. Keep back!
(Sound of fire extinguisher.)
DOCTOR: Lucie!
LUCIE: All right, Doctor. How's it going? If there's one thing these things don't like, it's a touch of the old ground frost.
CHRISTINA: CO2! They're not resistant to cold!
DOCTOR: Lucie Miller, how could I ever have forgotten you?
LUCIE: Well, yeah, I was kind of wondering that. I mean, I'm brilliant, me.
DOCTOR: You're certainly a dab hand with a fire extinguisher, I'll give you that.
CHRISTINA: The Krynoids, we won't be able to hold them back for ever. We have to move now.
DOCTOR: You're right. Let's see what this equipment store of yours has to offer.

CHRISTINA: This is where we keep all the gardening equipment. Shredders, strimmers, biofeed and herbicide sprays.
LUCIE: What'd you think, Doctor? Any good?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, we could use this stuff to fend them off for a while. But it'll take more than a few bottles of weed killer to defeat a Krynoid when it's achieved its final state.
LUCIE: What? You mean what we've seen isn't the final
DOCTOR: No, no, no, Lucie. They get bigger. A lot bigger.
CHRISTINA: Why defeat them? We just need to get away.
DOCTOR: And then what? Somebody else comes along to sort it out? The military? The Government?
CHRISTINA: Yes. Why not?
DOCTOR: There is no one else. *We* are the last hope for this planet. As soon as one of those things reaches the primary point of germination, it will release hundreds of spores, embryo pods, and then it will be over for the human race. Over, do you understand?
CHRISTINA: Not my responsibility. I'm only doing my job.
DOCTOR: What?
CHRISTINA: That is how the world works. When you're struggling to stay alive, you don't think about whether what you're doing is right or wrong, you just do what you have to do. If I hadn't taken this job, I would still be back in Kalisz, starving to death.
LUCIE: Yeah, yeah. And if it wasn't you it'd just be someone else. That's the problem, isn't it. Everybody's got a brilliant excuse why it's not their fault.
CHRISTINA: Do you want to talk (starts up chain saw) or to fight.
(Chain saw stops.)
CHRISTINA: Out of petrol.
DOCTOR: Lucie, get as much weed killer as you can. We're leaving.
LUCIE: Can't be soon enough for me. You couldn't get the door, could you? I've only got one

pair of hands.
DOCTOR: Sorry.
(Door opens)
DOCTOR: Ah.
MARLOWE: Doctor. Miss Miller. Meet my new friends, the Krynoids, the inheritors of Earth.
LUCIE: (sotto) Okay, so he's flipped. Back the way we came?
DOCTOR: (sotto) We can't. They're between us and the equipment store. Lucie, stay close to me. Ready with the spray can?
LUCIE: (sotto) Whenever you are, Mister Titchmarsh.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Eh?
MARLOWE: Miss Ondrak, I know you're in there.
(Chain saw starts.)
MARLOWE: My friends, you'll find some fresh meat waiting for you through there.
(Crash.)
CHRISTINA: No! I am one of you, remember?
MARLOWE: Time for some pruning.
CHRISTINA: One step closer and ah! What are you doing? Put that down! No! I beg you! Argh!
(Squelchy sounds.)

LUCIE: Oh, my God. Christina!
DOCTOR: Lucie, now! Spray for your life!
LUCIE: What now, Doctor? What do we do?
DOCTOR: I suggest, run!
MARLOWE: You can't escape, Doctor. There's nowhere left for you to hide.

LUCIE: Looks like we've lost them, for now. So where are we going?
DOCTOR: Biodome One. Er, this way.
LUCIE: The one with the rain forest? What for?
DOCTOR: We have to find Hazel, the Krynoid that was Hazel, before it releases its spores.
LUCIE: What makes you think it's here?
DOCTOR: Lucie, the pass card. Have you still got it?
LUCIE: Hang on. I've got it somewhere. Ah ha!
(Beep.)

DOCTOR: Look.
LUCIE: The whole jungle's moving, the trees shaking like there's some kind of storm.
DOCTOR: No storm, no breeze.
LUCIE: The Krynoid's doing this? Ow! Get off my hair, you stupid
DOCTOR: Careful. Don't hurt its feelings. It has the power to turn all plants against humanity.
LUCIE: What, all plants? Daffodils and elderberry bushes and that?
DOCTOR: Yes, all plants. And there she is.
LUCIE: Oh, flippin' heck. It's bigger than a house. It's bigger than two houses.
DOCTOR: It's reached the fullest extent of the Biodome. It can't expand any more without shattering the glass. Marlowe must have been feeding it, and using the lights.
LUCIE: Doctor, hate to break bad news, but I'm out of weed killer.
DOCTOR: Don't worry, it wouldn't have made the slightest bit of difference. You see, up there?
LUCIE: Pods, like the one. It's getting ready to spawn, isn't it? How long have we got?
DOCTOR: Unknown.
KRYNOID: Doctor, I know you are here.
DOCTOR: Hazel, if you can hear me, if there's any part of you left, stop this.
KRYNOID: The human Hazel Bright no longer exists.
DOCTOR: That's it, there's nothing we can do.
LUCIE: Yeah, you said that before, and Hazel still came back. Well, she did for a bit.
DOCTOR: The human aspect of its consciousness reasserted itself? What happened exactly?
LUCIE: Er, well, we were in the observation cell, and then these Krynoids smashed in through the window and I was totally bricking it because I thought, you know, this was death by salad, but then Hazel sort of returned and
DOCTOR: And she stopped the Krynoids from attacking you. Yes, I saw that.
LUCIE: That doesn't help us much now, does it?
DOCTOR: Go over it again, every detail. There must be something you've missed.

LUCIE: I've told you everything. The window smashes, the Krynoids came in, all sort of hello, we've got tentacles and. Oh, and the alarm went off, of course.
DOCTOR: That's it! That's it! That's it! Lucie Miller, I could kiss you.
LUCIE: Ooo.
DOCTOR: The alarm. High frequency, high intensity sound. It must weaken the Krynoid's grip, allowing the human mind to regain control. Lucie, we need noise, lots of noise.
LUCIE: There was a fire alarm doodah by the door. Ow! Something just snagged my foot.
DOCTOR: It's the jungle, it's detected us. Keep moving, Lucie.
LUCIE: I'm trying. It's not easy, you know. Some help wouldn't go amiss.
DOCTOR: I'm caught too. Hold on. There, now go!
LUCIE: Doctor, I'm not leaving you. Give me your hand.
DOCTOR: Never mind me. Set off the alarm.
LUCIE: All right, all right, I'll do it, bossy.
(Glass breaks, klaxon sounds.)
DOCTOR: There, it's released its grip. The Krynoid's mental control is weakening.
LUCIE: Yeah, but for how long?
DOCTOR: Hazel! Hazel, are you there? Can you hear me?
KRYNOID:I hear you, Doctor. I feel so, so small. The voice is calling out to me.
DOCTOR: Fight it. You're a human being. A human.
KRYNOID: A human? Yes, I was Hazel Bright. I can't think.
LUCIE: Remember Alex Marlowe? He did this to you.
KRYNOID: Marlowe. I remember.
LUCIE: You hate him. You want revenge, right? Right?
KRYNOID: I can resist, but it's so strong. The call of the trees, I can hear it, it's beautiful.
DOCTOR: Hazel, I want you to do something for me. Call all the Krynoids. Order them to gather together in this Biodome. Can you do that?
KRYNOID: I can. I will call them. But Doctor, you promise me you will end this. You must kill me. Let me die. I don't want to live like this.
DOCTOR: I promise I will end this.
KRYNOID: Then come to me, my brothers. Come to me!
LUCIE: Right, the Krynoids are on their way. So what's the plan?
DOCTOR: Quick, over here, before those bushes get lively again. These controls regulate the atmosphere in the Biodome. Temperature, humidity, pressure (sonic screwdriver) the mixture of gasses.
LUCIE: So?
DOCTOR: So if I can reconfigure these settings and increase the amount of carbon dioxide, methane, ozone, and switch the overhead lights up to maximum.
LUCIE: Ow! My eyes. Carbon dioxide? Methane? Aren't they, like, greenhouse gasses?
DOCTOR: We're in a greenhouse, Lucie. What we want is the greenhouse effect. Dry out the air, increase the air pressure, and send the temperature soaring through the roof.
LUCIE: You're turning this place into a sauna?
DOCTOR: More than that. A tinderbox, with the Krynoids as the kindling.
LUCIE: Speaking of which, we have company.
DOCTOR: Hopefully Hazel will be able to rein them in for a while longer. Temperature thirty degrees and rising.
LUCIE: Isn't that hot enough? It's like an oven in here already.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's going to get a good deal warmer. Thirty two degrees.
KRYNOID: Doctor, I have gathered the Krynoids. Now you must do your part.
LUCIE: Ow! My ears are popping. Hey, if you're increasing the pressure, will all the pipes and stuff be able to cope?
DOCTOR: Probably not. In fact, they're almost certainly going to violently explode. I'm sorry.
LUCIE: Oh, it's all right. I kind of expected that. Oh God, I'm roasting. Talk about Sweat City. I'm soaked through.
DOCTOR: Thirty seven degrees, thirty eight. Lucie, get into the airlock. There's still time for you to escape.
LUCIE: Yeah? And what about you?
DOCTOR: I'll follow in a moment. I can withstand higher temperatures.
(Gunshot.)
MARLOWE: Doctor? Miss Miller? You might as well give up now.
LUCIE: (sotto) Marlowe. Doesn't he ever give up? What's got into him?

DOCTOR: (sotto) It's the Krynoid. He's possessed. Nature's willing servant.
MARLOWE: I've got good news for you. The best possible news. I've got a deal with the Krynoid.
LUCIE: (sotto) Deal? What's he on about?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Forty degrees. Go, Lucie, go.
LUCIE: (sotto) No.
MARLOWE: Just the humans. The Krynoid can consume just the humans and leave the rest of the animal kingdom intact. What'd you think, Doctor? Imagine, no more people, no more cars, no more industry, no more cities. Wouldn't that be paradise on Earth?
DOCTOR: You know, Alex, I'd forgotten something about humanity. Something rare, precious. They never give up. Even when all hope is gone, they'll keep on fighting for what is right. Fighting to save the planet from people like you.
KRYNOID: Marlowe, you did this to me. You must die.
MARLOWE: What? No! I'm on your side.
KRYNOID: My leaves, my branches, my roots, my tendrils, attack! Tear his flesh.
MARLOWE: No, I'm here to save you! (gurgles)
LUCIE: Oh, my God. The rain forest, it's killing him!
DOCTOR: Forty three degrees. Come on, Lucie, the airlock.
KRYNOID: The urge to spawn, Doctor. It's within me, growing stronger. Go, before I kill you.
DOCTOR: The place is going to blow. Come on!

LUCIE: Now what? Where?
DOCTOR: Get down!
(Explosion, shattering glass, flames crackle.)

(Running, coughing.)
LUCIE: We did it.
DOCTOR: Yes, we did. The Krynoids have all been destroyed.
LUCIE: Thanks to Hazel. She always wanted to save the world. Oh, look at it. The whole place is alight.
DOCTOR: There's been no rain for months. This forest is like matchwood. The fire will spread for miles. Even if any spores escaped, they wouldn't survive.
LUCIE: Doctor, I was just thinking. All the Krynoids, they were people once. Innocent people. We should let their families know what happened to them.
DOCTOR: I think they might be better off not knowing. Come on, it's time we were gone.
(Car doors open and close.)
LUCIE: Looks like your driver's scarpered.
DOCTOR: Do you blame him? He's left the keys in.
LUCIE: So.
DOCTOR: So.
LUCIE: Back to White City and the World Ecology Bureau, then, where you parked the Tardis?
DOCTOR: I guess so, yep. Anywhere you want me to drop you off?
LUCIE: Oh. Er, I see. Well, er, okay, if that's what you want. I mean, I could just get out now and walk, if that's what you want.
DOCTOR: Er, Lucie, I'm a little rusty on my human behavioural skills. Can you help me here? I get the feeling there's something you're not telling me.
LUCIE: Oh, so you want me to be as straight forward as a jelly fish, is that what you're saying?
DOCTOR: You wanted me to bring you back to Earth. I did. And then when I was contacted by the WEB, you said you'd help, and you did so, brilliantly. Thank you.
LUCIE: And that's it. A thank you.
DOCTOR: Are we speaking the same language?
LUCIE: What are you going to do, go back to Orbis, break the Laws of Time? Go back and put it all right and spend the rest of your life with a jelly fish? Sorry, sore point.
DOCTOR: You seem angry. Am I making you angry?
LUCIE: (sigh) All right, I'll translate. I want to come with you, in the Tardis. I liked it. I know it won't be the same, but I've really
DOCTOR: Nothing's ever the same, Lucie Miller. Everything's always brand new, every day. This is what keeps me going.
LUCIE: Me too, Doctor. Me too. So, can I come then?
DOCTOR: I don't know why you didn't just ask.

(Lucie laughs. Car engine starts.)
DOCTOR: Ouch.
LUCIE: What's the matter?
DOCTOR: Lucie.
LUCIE: What?
DOCTOR: I've forgotten how to drive.
(Both laugh.)
LUCIE: Come on, you daft ha'porth, let's swap. I'll drive.
DOCTOR: Sorry.
LUCIE: Well, there's something brand new for a start. Mind you, I always suspected you needed to take your test.

NEWSREADER: The fire's under control. Despite a detailed search, no trace of the environmentalist and former Experts frontman Alex Marlowe has been found. Meanwhile the organisation known as the League of Nature has had its assets frozen following revelations of financial irregularity. In a moment, the Eight Truths. Lifestyle course or doomsday cult? Catherine Drew investigates. But first the weather. The temperature is still well above the norm for this time of year, and with no rain expected, the Government